

No Touching by [chaircat](#)

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Summary:

Steve gets dragged to a strip club by his friends. Noticing a curtain on the wall, he goes through it and gets the shock of his life.

No Touching

Author's Note:

HAPPY LATE HALLOWEEN! I meant to post this yesterday, but I fell asleep.

I just finished Stranger Things 2 and I NEED MORE OF THIS SHIP!

I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it!

Unbeta'd. All mistakes are my own.

Disclaimer: I own nothing.

The floor of the dark room vibrated under his feet. He didn't want to be here.

Billy and his stupid friends had decided that the best place to go on a Tuesday night- I mean Tuesday? Really? Who goes out on a Tuesday?- was a strip club. Now Steve would normally be down for that. Who wouldn't be? The problem was the company.

He couldn't stand Billy, with his too tight jeans, perfect hair, glistening chest. Steve knew he was bisexual. He had for awhile. Nobody else knew, and he was happy with that. The tiny little town of Hawkins wasn't the most accepting bunch. But having Billy around, and so often very close and very naked- God bless whoever decided they needed to have showers after P.E.- he found himself yearning for some personal time with the same sex. Not Billy, of course. That guy was a dick, as were most guys his age in Hawkins. Regardless, he was beginning to get quite frustrated. Seeing his painfully male friends get horny and wound up all around him really didn't seem like it was going to do him any favors.

So it was with great trepidation that he followed his friends into the strip club. Naked women were all around them, rubbing against their customers and dancing on stages. Steve passed a man with his face

buried in a giant pair of silicon breasts. The guys laughed and slapped each other's backs in delight. Steve, while certainly enjoying the sights around him, just couldn't quite get in the mood. The women were beautiful, sure, but it'd been so long since he'd been with another man. Years, in fact. Looking around the room, he saw a man duck through a barely visible curtain. When the a dancer passed them with a tray of drinks, Steve stopped her.

"What's up, Sugar," she asked with a smile, eyes raking down his body. Steve smirked at the appreciation in her gaze.

"What's behind that curtain over there," he asked in her ear. She seemed to assess him before answering.

"A little something different," she said with a smirk. "For those looking for... the not so fair sex." With winks at him and was gone.

Steve stared at the curtain, fairly certain he knew what she'd meant. He looked back at his friends to find them lost in their own lust filled worlds. He was sure they wouldn't notice his absence. He began making his way over to the far wall, stepping around raucous groups and tables. He finally made it. Making sure his friends were out of sight, he took a deep and steady breathing breath.

He stepped through the curtain. There was a short hallway that led into another room, slightly smaller than the last. The stages were stood in the same places, but that's where the similarities stopped.

Instead of scantily clad women showing rubbing their breasts and writhing on the stages, there were just as bare men performing for their audiences. Some where strong and muscular, oiled up so their abs shined in the dim light. Others were thin and dainty, giving off an air of innocence even as they rubbed their barely covered erections against the poles. Steve had to reach down to adjust himself.

The audience was different as well. Still mostly men, though a few rough looking women were spotted around. These men, however, were a lot more intense. Instead of drunken catcalling and laughter (though there was still a bit of that), these men watched the performers' every move hungrily, as though starved.

Steve maneuvered his way through the room to an empty seat near the wall. As he approached, the man occupying the nearest stage finished his performance, left in only some cowboy boots and a large belt filled with cash. Steve sat in the chair and made himself comfortable; legs spreading to take the pressure of his jeans off his crotch. He was just settling in when the next performer came out. Steve promptly felt like the air was punched out of his lungs.

Shiny black thigh high boots that looked painted on. An inch of milky white skin, then an indecently short leather skirt that went up and covered half the stomach. Black latex gloves that stopped mid bicep. Dusty pink nipple, nubs hardened from the cool air. A black collar with a metal ring in the center. All of this was enough to drive anyone mad, but it was the face that stole Steve's breath away.

Jonathan. Fucking. Byers.

There was no doubt about it. That silky hair, fair complexion, squinty eyes, freckles, soft pink lips, and- was that? Lip gloss? As he walked up the stage, Steve felt his breath speed up. No way, he thought to himself. This couldn't be happening. And yet.

Jonathan reached the pole at the center of the stage. He reached one hand out to grab it, swinging himself in a graceful circle around it. He still hasn't looked up. Steve found himself desperate to lock eyes. Jonathan leaned back against the pole for support, his body undulating sensually to the music. His hands rubbed his neck before sliding down his body. He caught his lip between his teeth as gloved fingers stopped to play with his nipples. The hands moved further down, sliding over sides and hips. Before he could reach someplace a little more interesting, he spun around, turning his back to the crowd. Hips swayed hypnotically in rhythm. Nimble fingers reached up and began to unzip the tight skirt. Steve's pants got tighter with each inch of skin. The was revealed. Jonathan spun back around and slowly, tantalizingly, slid the skirt down before letting it drop to the ground. The loud music drowned out Steve's low groan.

Tiny black lace panties left absolutely nothing to the imagination. Even soft, the bulge was impressive. Before he had a chance to fully memorize the sight, Jonathan turned again, displaying his back of the panties. Completely sheer, with a tiny pink bow on the top. Steve had

to press the heel of his palm against his rock hard cock for some semblance of relief when Jonathan bent over, looking back over his shoulder with a slight smirk. There were undoubtedly all kinds of catcalls and whistles and cheers, but Steve was too absorbed by the performance to notice any of it, because when Jonathan turned back to the crowd, he finally looked up. Their eyes met. Jonathan froze for a moment, but he must have seen something in Steve's face (or perhaps his hand still pressed against his crotch) because he walked forward and descended the stairs, walking in his direction.

Steve couldn't move, couldn't breathe. All he could think about was this stunning creature making his way over to him. In no time at all, Jonathan was there. Placing his hands on Steve's shoulders, he climbed onto his lap. Remembering the "no touching" rule, he clenched his hands on the armrests. He was glad for that moment of forethought when practically naked man began to grind against him, hips moving in circles. He clenched his teeth, knuckles turning white as he held himself back. Those pink nipples were only a few inches from his mouth, those thin panties looking so easy to tear off. He forced himself to look up at his tormentor's face. Jonathan kept his head down, watching their hips meet. He looked up through his lashes at him. Steve felt another rush of arousal at the look of pure lust in his eyes. Jonathan leaned in close, lips against his ear.

"Meet me backstage after?" a soft voice asked, just loud enough to be heard over the music. At his nod, Jonathan continued. "Tell the lady in the pink fedora that you're looking for Rivendell." Before he could question that, he got up and made his way back to the stage, rubbing against some enthusiastic customers with a sly grin. Steve fought back the absurd surge of jealousy that sight caused. What was wrong with him?

The rest of the performance passed in a haze a pale skin leather. Steve jumped out of his chair the moment Jonathan was out of sight. He looked around for the woman in the pink fedora. He spotted her against a wall, beside a door that blended so well into the wall that he almost missed it. He walked up to the stern looking woman. She glared at him as he approached.

"Hey!" he waved awkwardly, then mentally berated himself. 'You're in a fucking strip club and you say wave hi?!?!?' The woman seemed

to share his thoughts. He rubbed his hand over his face to try to get some composure. “I uh...I’m looking for... R-River...” The woman looked seconds away from decking him. He wracked his brain. What did he say??? All he could think of was lace panties and those tight boots. “Rivendell!” he yelled excitedly. The woman raised her eyebrow. He hesitated, thinking Jonathan might have set him up. He couldn’t say he didn’t deserve it. Then the woman pushed off the wall and opened the door, holding it open for him.

“Third door on the left,” she said in a bored voice. Steve beamed at her as he passed through the door. He found himself in another dimly lit hallway. He counted the doors on the left, then counted them again to be sure. Taking a deep breath, he raised his hand and knocked. There was a soft shuffling sound and then the door was opening.

Jonathan stood before him, thankfully covered in a fluffy robe. His feet were bare, so he was a few inches shorter than Steve. He kept his eyes down, though he smiled a bit.

“Hey,” he greeted in his soft voice. “Come on in.” Steve stepped into the dressing room. There was a rack filled with costumes, a makeup table, and a scarlet couch. He took a seat on the couch, watching the other man move across the room, straightening things impulsively. Finally he sat down at the table, turning the chair to face him. “Go ahead,” a said, looking down at his hands as he played with the belt of the robe. “Ask.”

“Uh.. ask what?” he replied, confused. Jonathan didn’t look up as he continued.

“All the usual questions: why I’m here, if I’m a fag, why I do this. Ask away.”

“Okay,” he nodded. “How’d you learn to move like that?” Jonathan’s head snapped up so fast, Steve was afraid he’d hurt himself.

“What?”

“On stage. How do you move like that? You were incredible! You danced better than any chick I’ve ever met!” Jonathan’s face was

pink, and a smile was starting to form.

“I don’t know,” he shrugged, lips turned up at the corners. “It’s just natural, I guess.” He paused. “You don’t think I’m a freak?” he whispered. Steve felt a stab in his chest at the vulnerability in his voice.

“I think you’re the sexiest person I’ve ever laid my eyes on,” he answered truthfully. Jonathan blushed scarlet. A sly smile began to form on his face and he stood up from the chair and slowly walked towards him, fingers undoing the robe’s belt. Steve swallowed thickly, barely faded arousal returning full force. When he was a few steps away, Jonathan looked at him through his lashes and shrugged out of the robe, dropping it to the floor. Steve’s mouth went dry.

The smaller man stood before him, fully naked except for a light pink satin thong. His hard cock stretched the fabric, shiny head peeking out of the top. Steve reached out, desperate to get his hands on that beautiful body, but Jonathan stepped back out of reach. He smiled at Steve’s whimper.

“No touching,” he reminded him. “Those are the rules.” Steve groaned but nodded, moving his hands under his thighs to keep them in place. Jonathan stepped closer again.

They could still hear the music from the other room, vibrations slightly weaker, and Jonathan began to move his body to the music. He spun around, giving Steve a fantastic view of his bare ass, and sat on Steve’s lap. He pressed his back against Steve’s chest, legs spread wide as he rubbed his ass against his clothed erection, head dropping back against Steve’s shoulder. Steve was just able to keep his hands from touching, but couldn’t stop his hips from thrusting up against him. Jonathan gasped into his ear, one hand reaching up to tangle in Steve’s perfectly styled hair as he pushed down into each thrust. Just as Steve was about to lose it, Jonathan jumped off him. Facing him again, he ran his hands over his body. Instead of skipping around it like Steve expected, he rubbed his hand along the length of his erection, eyes fluttering shut at the touch. Steve licked his dry lips, wanting so badly to replace that hand with his mouth.

After a moment, Jonathan moved his hand away, revealing a growing

wet spot on the fine silk. He met Steve's eyes shyly before hooking his fingers into the fabric, sliding it down. A thick red cock bounced out, curving up towards his stomach. Steve bit his lip hard to contain a desperate groan, but was only partially successful. Jonathan pulled the thong down further and hooked it under his firm balls. Catching the string of precome, his wrapped his hand around his cock and pumped it a few times, slickening it, then reached down to fondle his balls. Steve felt his own underwear get damper at the sight.

"Fuck," Steve whispered hoarsely. He'd never been more aroused in his entire life. Jonathan looked just as affected, cock twitching as he groaned.

"Pull your dick out," he said suddenly, desperately. "Jerk your cock for me, Harrington." Steve wasted no time, ripping open his jeans and shoving them down just enough to get a hand around himself. He groaned in relief as he finally got to stroke himself. Jonathan copied his movements, one hand jerking himself while the other squeezed his balls.

"Fuck, you're so hot," Steve babbled, eyes locked on that perfect cock. "So fucking sexy. God, I want to do everything to you. Wanna swallow that thick cock down and choke on it, get it all nice and wet so I can't ride it into next week." Jonathan cried out at those words, hand moving frantically on himself.

"Steve," he whimpered, mouth falling open as he gasped for breath.

"C'mon," Steve urged, so close to the edge. "Come for me, baby. Come all over yourself. Let me see it."

Jonathan threw his head back with a shout, come shooting out over his belly and hand. His body shook as he jerked himself through it. That sight was all it took for Steve. He cried out as he spilled himself all over his hand, coming harder than he had in ages. Jonathan stumbled onto the couch beside him. They sat quietly, both fighting to catch their breath. They turned to each other at the same time, eyes meeting. The next moment they threw themselves at each other. Lips clashed, tongues battled, teeth clashed. They kissed desperately for a while, Jonathan's hands tangled in Steve's hair while Steve finally got to run his hands all over Jonathan's body. Slowly the kiss

became less desperate but no less intense, Steve's hands resting on Jonathan's sides. They stayed that way for a long time, kissing deeply. Finally, they pulled back for air. Steve pressed their foreheads together and they closed their eyes. After a moment, he spoke.

"So do you wanna have dinner some time?" Jonathan laughed breathlessly. Steve pulled away to look at him, unable to hold back his own smile. "What?" he asked.

"We just jerked off in front of each other and now you're asking for a date? It's a little backwards, don't you think?" Steve grinned and shrugged.

"Maybe. But it was pretty fun and I'd like to maybe do it again sometime. But without the no touching rule." Jonathan looked up at him with that adorable closed mouth smile.

"Yeah," he said, reaching down to play with Steve's fingers. "I'd like that."

Steve smiled to himself. He decided he'd be less of a dick to Billy the next time he saw him.

Author's Note:

shrugs Pink just seems like Jonathan's color to me.

Tell me what you think! Should I write more of this ship? I'd certainly love to!

Love you guys! Stay beautiful! Xoxo